

The Washington Times

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THE BULGARS' BAD BREAK

It seems that right in the midst of their troubles with Greece and Serbia, the Bulgarians captured no less distinguished a personage than Gen. Nelson A. Miles, who was traveling in their part of the world. He was held under surveillance until the American consul had convinced the Sofia government that he wouldn't hurt it.

The Bulgarians might have done better. If they had pressed the old fighter into service, and given him a chance to show what he knew about war under modern conditions, it's dollars to the holes in the doughnuts that he'd have saved Bulgaria a lot of the humiliation it has suffered these last few weeks.

WEDDING PRESENTS BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Doubtless the President is right, in asking Baltimore admirers that the proposal to provide a wedding present for Miss Wilson by popular subscription be dropped. That particular method is about the simplest and most straightforward one for a demonstration of real public good will and wishes; but between the people who subscribe in such cases with a lingering hope of benefiting themselves, and those who subscribe with a feeling that they are being held up, the sentiment is pretty well squeezed out.

The position of the Presidential family is not an easy one at best, in such matters. A President must be a plain American citizen among his fellow-Americans; on the other hand, as the sovereign head of a great nation he is suddenly forced into compliance with a good deal of the etiquette that rules crowned heads and hereditary aristocracies. If he steers a comfortable route between the two he is getting along very well indeed.

JOSEPHUS IS RIGHT, BUT—

Secretary Daniels declares strongly that voters should have it made easy for them to vote. He would encourage them to use the ballot regularly. Those away from home would be permitted to vote by mail. The Secretary is right, but he doesn't go far enough.

Making it easy for people to vote will not do the business. Making it expensive for them to fail in voting is the thing that is necessary.

Just fix up a poll-tax law for every State, under which the voter will be assessed \$10 for the school fund each year; the amount to be remitted if he votes at all elections—and note how the total poll will jump!

Voting is not a privilege of the citizen, a favor that the Government extends. It is a duty, and a mighty serious one. We need to get over the notion that to vote is a privilege. We need to be educated into the belief that not to vote is mighty close to a crime.

GOOD START: GO AHEAD.

The new Public Utilities Commission declined to reopen the question of authorizing the Washington Utilities Company to put out a \$10,000,000 bond issue to aid its plans of consolidating various local properties. The old commission decided against authorization of the issue, and the new one will make no change.

Doubtless the corporation will now carry the case into the courts, and as soon as possible there will be a decision on this phase of the law.

Meanwhile there are numerous other things that the new Utilities Commission might be starting. It can't do much of anything without first going to court about it; therefore, the more reason why things should be started promptly.

An order reducing the price of gas to 65 cents would be one excellent place to start in.

Then another order reducing by about 35 per cent the present rates on electric current.

Those things will have to be fought out in the courts anyhow, on the question of whether prescribed rates are remunerative. There isn't any good reason to delay getting the thing started toward the courts.

HOW GOOD ROADS PAY.

The Department of Agriculture has been getting together some telling data on the good road subject. Where communities build good roads in place of bad ones, the increased value and productivity of the lands immediately more than pays for the investment. Here are some cases:

In Lee county, Va., a farmer owned 100 acres between Ben Hur and Jonesville, which he offered to sell for \$1,800. In 1908 this road was improved, and, although the farmer fought the improvement, he has since refused \$3,000 for his farm. Along this same road a tract of 188 acres was supposed to have been sold for \$6,000. The purchaser refused the contract, however, and the owner threatened to sue him. After the road improvement, and without any improvement upon the land, the same farm was sold to the original purchaser for \$9,000. In Jackson county, Ala., the people voted a bond issue of \$250,000 for road improvement and improved 24 per cent of the roads. The census of 1900 gives the value of all farm lands in Jackson county at \$4.90 per acre. The selling value at that time was from \$6 to \$15 per acre. The census of 1910 places the value of all farm lands in Jackson county at \$9.79 per acre, and the selling price is now from \$15 to \$25 per acre. Actual figures of increased value following road improvements are shown.

Commenting on these and many other cases, the department assumes that roads add to land values in proportion as they make farms more productive by reason of easier access. In this regard, of course, the department is in error. Good roads make it easier to live in the country; easier to farm; easier

to have neighbors; easier to use church and school. In short, good roads contribute to land values very much more on the social than on the merely industrial side. That's the side that needs development. The industrial side of country life takes care of itself very well nowadays; if its social side would keep pace there would be little occasion to worry about the rural life problem. Roads are worth vastly more for their contribution on the social than on the industrial side.

TELEPHONE DISSOLUTION SUIT.

In filing a suit under the Sherman law, attacking the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Government has opened the way to a complete illustration of what's the matter with the Sherman act.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company gets, year by year, closer to being a monopoly. Also, telephone service, local and long distance, gets better; physically better, more efficient, more usable, less conducive to high-power, long-distance profanity. "Central" is more accommodating than she used to be; also, is paid a better salary.

Broadly speaking, it is a good safe venture that there is no widespread demand that the A. T. & T. be taken to pieces. Rather, public opinion would like to see every telephone in the land belong to a single concern, and then to see that concern properly regulated and supervised.

We pay too much for our telephone service. Does any subscriber doubt that? Monopoly gives better service, but charges too much for it. The answer is, in the case of such a utility as the telephone, to let the monopoly alone, but supervise it effectively.

After all, the telephone service has just one destiny. It ought to be a division of the Postoffice Department, and that is what it will be in a few years. If it were submitted to the public at a referendum today, it would carry almost unanimously.

If the Government's suit against the wire combination shall prove a step toward making this a Government service, it will have done a real public service.

BLUSTER VERSUS BUSINESS.

The House District Committee does not make an heroic appearance, bullying and browbeating Assessor Richards. If the committee wants to learn something about the assessment of property in the District; if it is seeking information, to be used as basis for some sort of a constructive program, then it is going about its work in the wrong way. If, on the other hand, it is trying to extort from the assessor the admission that he is a crook, it will fail, because he isn't one.

For instance, Judge Prouty has been persistent in pressing questions about why property was valued at the lowest figures that could possibly be defended under the law. If the assessor will look up the laws and regulations under which property is assessed in Judge Prouty's home town of Des Moines—where the judge sat on the bench for many years—he will learn that under a law requiring full-value assessment, the valuation got so slack that the town finally hired a lot of outside experts to reassess its business district scientifically, just to show how the thing ought to be done. That piece of work has just recently been finished. Judge Prouty, by the way, could contribute a very much worth-while illumination to this whole discussion of values and assessments, if he would lay before the District Committee a transcript and explanation of that very Des Moines proceeding.

Just one specific piece of actual information like that would be worth vastly more than a week of bullying an honest assessor for not doing the impossible.

In 1883 there was a law requiring assessments here to be at full value. Anybody could tell what that meant. But in 1902 another act was passed, requiring that assessments should "not be below two-thirds of actual value." The former law was not repealed. Can anybody on earth tell what that combination meant? The assessor couldn't, and got legal advice. For ten years property was assessed, so nearly as possible, around two-thirds; and nobody, in or out of Congress, made any particular trouble about it. The custom is about the same that prevails in most American cities. Bad, lax, unreliable, undesirable, inaccurate—yes, it is all that; but the law is the law that Congress made, and if Congressmen can't find out what it means, how do they expect the assessor to do better?

More business and less bullyingragging would help. There is room for a great accomplishment in taxation reform, but it is not going to be furthered much by the assumption that everybody connected with the administration is either a crook or an incompetent.

HAWAII'S NEW GOVERNOR.

The President has nominated a man of tact, ability, and experience to be governor of Hawaii. Mr. L. E. Pinkham, whose name is now before the Senate, has a complete knowledge of the racial and economic and commercial problems which are to be solved for the Island Territory.

Pinkham, originally from New England, has spent many years in Hawaii and the Philippines. During these years he has performed splendid service for the Government in various capacities, and he is especially equipped in patriotism and courage to discharge the duties of the executive.

The chairman of the Democratic committee of Hawaii cabled: "The appointment of Pinkham gives Hawaii a patriotic American governor—not a factionalist."

THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

IN WHICH, MIRABILE DICTU, WE GET AN IDEA FROM CONGRESS.

The House, for the present consenting to part
With some of its tedious bluster,
The House, I repeat, has proceeded to start
A filibuster.

And I, who regard as my tenderest dream
A life of inaction and shirking,
I think it is all a magnificent scheme
To keep from working.

If so, the expedient cleverly fits
Most cases—a broad panacea;
In fact, I have nearly concluded that it's
A good idea.

For list! when I'm short a legitimate wheeze,
And columnizing loses its lustre,
Why shouldn't I dash off some verses
Like these,
And filibuster?

In the clear, bright light of the day after, we've concluded that the reason truck drivers leave part of their wagons protruding over car tracks is that they are truck drivers. "There ain't no good shipping clerks, Mawruss," Abe Potash once remarked, or words to that effect. "If they really was good, y'understand me, then they wouldn't be shipping clerks."

POME OF THE OFFICE COOLER.

"Water, water, everywhere"
Is very, very nice;
But what does it avail one
When there isn't any ice?

Among things unaffected by the tariff on lemons (cf. Senator Works' speech) are porch furniture and drug store lemonade. They contain equal amounts of lemon juice.

Newspaper Tales We Have Met.

The story of the man who carved his initials on a turtle thirty-four years ago and recently caught the identical beast.

For the Self-Depreciation Club: Manager Griffith. Credentials: "When Boehling came to me he was worthless. Most managers would have sent him back for more seasoning, but I saw he had the makings of a wonderful twirler."

MANY THANKS FOR THE AD, SIR.
(From "The Price of Peace," in the "Saturday Evening Post.")
—and go after it intelligently, on the basis of "you help me to THIS AND I'll help you to THAT."

A careful conning of the Constitution brings out that it contains no provision for docking Congressmen's salaries during filibusters. This is one explanation of filibusters.

How Would Strychnine Be?

G. S. K.: Friend of mine—dandy fellow, 'nail that; BUT—carries colored handkerchiefs. What do you advise?

C. Z.
"Also," writes G. H. G., "Mr. B. W. Livers works for the Armour Packing Co., Kansas City—if it will do you any good to know." Not a bit in the world, old top.

THE BALLPLAYER.

The ballplayer's life, taken forever and off.
Is one muchly checked and mottled;
He may, for example, be taken on draft,
And shortly thereafter be bottled.

Seldom, however, does a player go down hill so rapidly as young Brady, of Oshkosh. Star pitcher in the Wisconsin-Illinois League, he has been bought by the New York Yankees.

We're Inclined To Give It Up.

G. S. K.: A gentleman of my acquaintance has an intricate solitaire game that he says he has been working on for two years and never has got out. I asked him what would happen if he DID get it out, and he refused to answer. Was he perturbed, d'y'e think?

T. B. L.
Why columnists think it's an awful world: Endeavoring to columnize while the noise contraptions to be used at today's game are being tested two feet away.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

XII.
Why our typewriter always brings us to the end of a line when we have just one more letter to get in.

Zero in entertainment, to our acute notion, is journeying to a railway station to meet an incoming ball team.

Limo's afterthought of the Most Magnified Thing: Taxicab drivers.

QUITE SOME FIGURING.

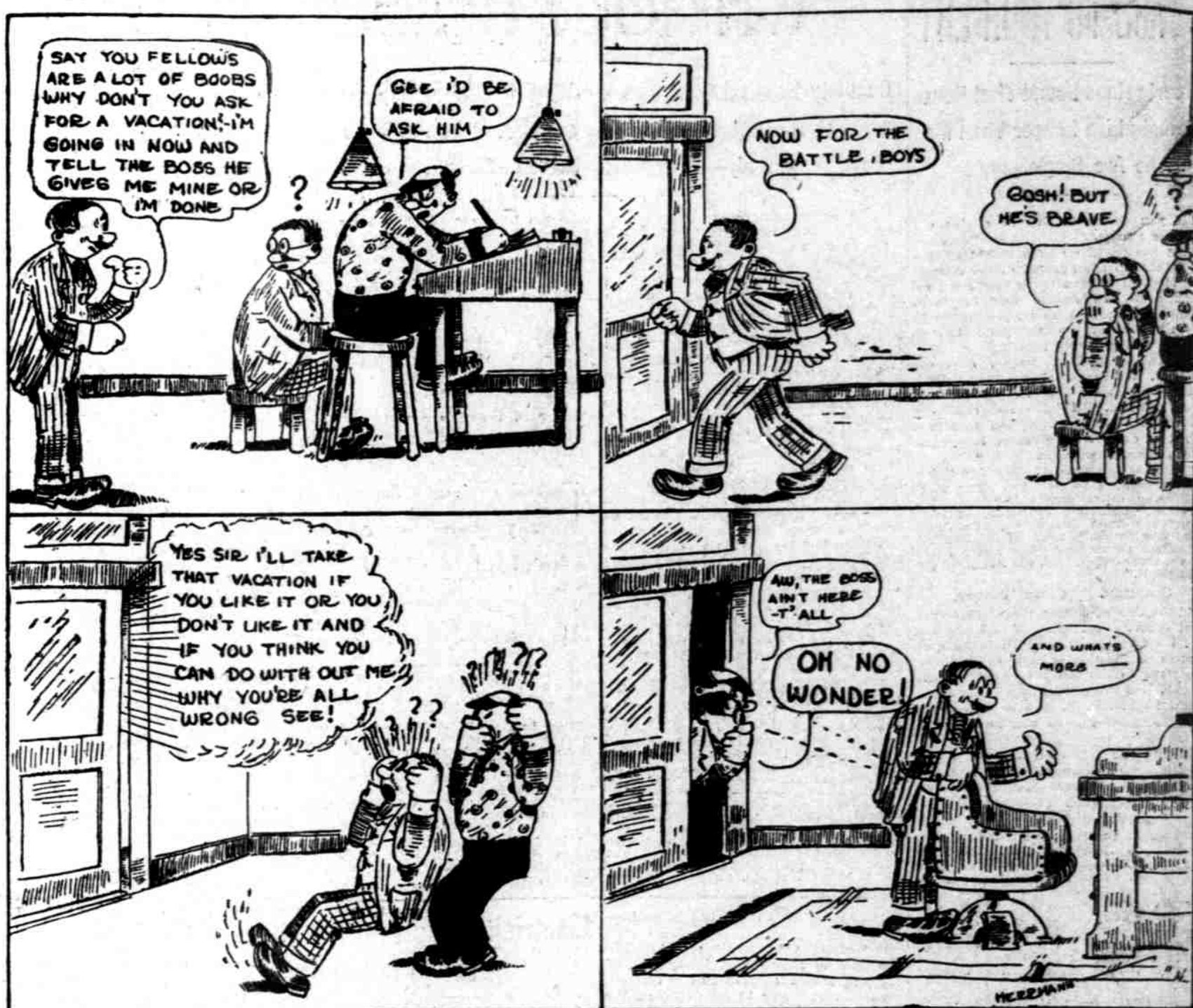
(From the "Herald.")
Of the sixteen games won on this trip Johnson and Boehling have won two-thirds of them, Walter being credited with seven victories and Boehling five.

S. J.'s idea of an experienced traveler, he advises, is one who reads the passenger list as soon as he gets aboard ship.

And our concept of a sophisticated magazine reader, following the same lines, is one who picks his story by running an eye down the list of authors' names.

Add Verbal Aversions: "Girl wife," G. & K.

NO WONDER!



MAIL BAG

From The Times' Readers

Let Us Fight.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:
I notice in your paper that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is about to stop the free freight store delivery on goods shipped from New York, Philadelphia, and New England points to Baltimore and Washington. The Pennsylvania railroad can well afford to have the free delivery service when it is remembered that the system controls more miles of track than any one railroad in the country with the possible exception of the New York Central.

By a recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission it was decreed that the railroad should not discriminate in favor of Baltimore. In other words, it should not stop the delivery in Washington without stopping it in Baltimore. The only way in which we can hope to retain the free delivery is for the retail merchants of this city to co-operate with the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Baltimore, which I understand President R. M. Andrews intends to do. Let the merchants be up and doing.

M. MCARTHUR.

A Plea From Mt. Pleasant.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:
Some time ago, three years since The Times undertook a crusade to compel the Washington Railway Company to supply its patrons with more comfortable and convenient cars, especially on the Mt. Pleasant line, from which the open cars had been entirely removed. The efforts of The Times were productive of good results; results, however, which have been only temporary.

While riding from Park road to F street writer, luxuriously standing on the rear platform of one of the flat-wheeled boxes with which that line is afflicted, counted twelve Mt. Pleasant cars going in the opposite direction, only one of which was an open car. On the same occasion, four open cars en route to Georgetown were met in the short distance between Dupont Circle and F street. This would appear to be an unjust division of favors.

In the prosecution of its crusade The Times availed itself of the use of the form of poetry colloquially described as the "sticker." It is hoped that at least one sufferer who is compelled to use the Mt. Pleasant line that The Times may be in position to bring to the attention of the responsible officials some pressure that will compel them to perform their duties in the premises.

TOM SAWYER.

To Avoid Accidents.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:
I take the liberty of calling your attention to the many diving accidents occurring at Colonial Beach.

Mr. Porter, my fellow draftsman, while at this resort, dove from a springboard, striking bottom, severely bruising his face and injuring his neck and back. His friend, from the navy yard, followed closely after him, breaking his neck, from which he died soon afterward.

I was at Colonial Beach two weeks ago, and while in swimming noticed the conspicuous springboard, and, naturally, thinking that conditions were satisfactory, otherwise the board would not be placed there, made a running jump and dive. If it wasn't for the fact that I had my arms pulled well beyond me and that I am rather light weight, I would have broken my neck; as it was I have suffered intensely since with the shock to my head, neck, and back.

I have read in your paper of the same accident occurring to Edward Elwood, with the result that he is in a serious condition. With whom I conversed about this springboard, said it should be either built out farther into the water, or on account of the very shallow water at low tide or removed altogether.

There are four people in my knowledge, thinking that conditions were satisfactory, who have been injured there but who have merely mentioned it to their friends.

"Beware of shallow water when diving," or extending this springboard to deeper water would prevent these daily occurrences while diving.

HARRY W. PARKER.

The Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 51—THE SCARLET LETTER, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

It was a festival day in the seventeenth century Puritan town of Salem. A festival day which was about as jolly as would be a day of universal mourning in any other community. For to laugh or to show any sign of gaiety was regarded almost as a sin by the sour-faced, gloomy Puritans. Today they celebrated their festival in true Puritan style by torturing a fellow human being—a woman. A throng of stum men and women in hideously plain clothes gathered around the scaffold that stood in front of the town jail. Out from the jail and onto the scaffold was led a young and beautiful woman, a baby in her arms.

On the breast of the woman's black dress was embroidered the letter "A" in scarlet. And bearing this red badge of infamy she was forced to stand on the platform, facing the sullen holiday crowd. An official demanded that she tell the name of the man who was her confederate in sin. She would not answer.

Then Arthur Dimmesdale, the pallid faced young minister, was called upon to urge her to confess the man's name. Dimmesdale bade her, if she thought best, to tell the name, saying the man should by rights stand at her side on the scaffold. She refused.

A Woman's Punishment.
Then, by the decree of the court she was set free. Free to lead the life of a shunned outcast, and forced always to wear the Scarlet Letter on her breast. It was a form of slow torture such as was inexplicably dear to the Puritan mind.

The woman was Hester Prynne. She had come out to the New England colonies from England some time earlier, leaving her elderly Puritan husband to follow at his leisure. He had been detained. Hester and Arthur Dimmesdale had met—and unknown to any one—had fallen in love with each other. It had been horrible to Dimmesdale to see her stand there on the scaffold alone, when he knew that by every right he should have been pilloried at her side, to share the scorn of their narrow little provincial world.

Only one person in all the community guessed Arthur's dark secret. That was a newly arrived English immigrant, who called himself Roger Chillingworth, and who already possessed a strange malign influence over the young minister. Chillingworth was Hester's husband. He had reached Salem in time to witness his wife's disgrace. Making his identity known to no one, he set coldly to work to destroy Arthur by racking the latter's sensitive conscience.

Hester, heedless of her neighbors' scorn, continued to live as best she could, doing odd jobs as a seamstress and bringing up her daughter, little Pearl, in a lonely but not unhappy fashion. Dimmesdale, harrowed and tormented by Chillingworth's insidious teachings, grew to feel that it was himself and not Hester whose breast bore the flaming Scarlet Letter. Remorse, fed by Chillingworth, made the minister's life an endless horror. His chest burned as though invisible white-hot irons were branding a letter there. At times the agony was unbearable.

One night, to ease his remorse, Arthur crept out to the scaffold and stood there alone in the darkness, self-piloried before the imaginary multitude, "as if the universe were gazing at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart. On that spot there had long been the gnawing and poisonous tooth of bodily pain."

He planned to fly to some distant refuge place with Hester and Pearl, there to live in peace and love, and forget the ugly past. But ever Chillingworth's crafty advice restrained him. One night, as the minister lay unconscious, Chillingworth opened the front of Arthur's shirt and stared gloatingly at something he saw on the white flesh of the chest.

A Mysterious Symbol.

At length Arthur Dimmesdale could endure the inferno of mental and physical pain no longer. He arose in the pulpit one Sunday morning and made full confession to his congregation. Then he sank back dead. Chillingworth raged insanely at the sufferer's too easy escape from further vengeance. Eager to avenge the collar of Dimmesdale's shirt to give him air. Then, in horror, the onlookers shrank back from what they beheld upon his chest.

Did they see there a scarlet letter, burned into the flesh by the finger of remorse? Or was it merely a cancer or some such hideous malignant growth that had ended the penitent's life?

On the Way Back.

A CERTAIN haunted house down Georgia was held in terror by all the negroes in the vicinity except Sam, who bravely declared that for \$2 he would sleep there all night. A purse was raised and Sam was told to carry out his end of the bargain and call in the morning for the money. When morning came no trace could be found of Sam, the house contained nothing but evidence of a hurried departure. A search party was organized, but without result.

Finally, four days later, Sam, covered with mud, came slowly walking

"Hi, dere, nigger!" yelled a bystander, "where's you been de last two days?" To which Sam curtly responded: "Ah's been comin' back."—Everybodies Magazine.

"How do you know these are cents I've given you?" asked the purchaser. "Well, sir, I can distinguish the touch of cents by my sense of touch," was the blind man's prompt reply.—Boston Transcript.

"Won't you have something more, Willie?" asked the pretty hostess toward the close of the feast. "No, thank you," replied Willie with an expression of great satisfaction, "I'm full."

"Well, then," smiled the hostess, "put some fruit and cake in your pocket to eat on the way home."

"No, thank you," came the rather startling response of Willie, "they're full, too."

Learn One Thing Every Day

29.—LIQUID AIR.

THE zero that we find on our Centigrade and Fahrenheit thermometers is zero only for general purposes. In objects that are zero cold, however, scientists have discovered heat. Not heat that is, or ever would be, apparent to us. But, by scientific tests, heat has been discovered in zero temperature.

The "real zero," where temperature really begins its 273 degrees below the zero shown on the Centigrade thermometer. Scientifically, it is called the "absolute zero." It has never yet been reached. But, in experiments, men have come within two or three degrees of it.

Liquid air is simply quantities of air, so wonderfully condensed and cooled that it turns first into a liquid, and then, if more cold is applied, freezes solid, like a cake of ice. Liquid air is very cold, so cold that objects placed in it freeze almost instantly and become brittle as glass.

It is used largely in laboratory work for making other things cold, for experimental purposes. Also, recently, there has been a device made that can be used by a rescuer going down into a mine or a storm, to make pure air for him to breathe. And since it takes such an enormous quantity of air to make such a very little bit of liquid air, you can see what a large supply he can carry for breathing purposes.

From its very modernity, however, it could not be said that this book would enroll itself forever in the ranks of literature, but it is a stiff book in a crying need, and deserves all of the credit in the world.

"The Efficient Age," by Herbert Kaufman, published by the George H. Doran Company, of New York. Herbert Kaufman is nothing, if not modern. He is right up to date every minute of the time with his philosophy, and even if it is the brand of so-called "canned" wisdom which is in great vogue now, it is snappy, vigorous, and as stimulating as a cold salt bath.

"The Efficient Age" evidently accepts the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest, but its burden is to both the weak and the strong is to be fittest. Common sense, hard work, cheerfulness, and the acceptance of the fact that life is after all, a continuous competition, are the burden of some of the author's remarks.

From its very modernity, however, it could not be said that this book would enroll itself forever in the ranks of literature, but it is a stiff book in a crying need, and deserves all of the credit in the world.

What's on the Program in Washington Today

Meeting of Washington Chapter, Knights of Columbus, 8 p.m.
Meetings evening:
Masonic—St. John's Lodge, No. 11, and Hope, No. 29, Eureka Chapter, No. 4, Royal Arch; Friendship Chapter, No. 17, Order of the Eastern Star.
Red Men—Seneca Tribe, No. 11, 315 Pennsylvania avenue southeast; Minnola Tribe, No. 14, Anacostia; Idaho Council, No. 1, Northeast Temple.
Knights of Pythias—Syracusanos, No. 16, Rathbone Temple, No. 8, Pythian Sisters.
Old Fellows—Central Lodge, No. 1; Metropolis, No. 16, and Phoenix, No. 23; Dorcas Lodge, No. 4; Rebekah Lodge.

Amusements.
Columbia—"A Contented Woman," 8:15 p.m.
Pala—"Madame Sherry," 8:15 and 8:35 p.m.
Glen Echo—All amusements.
Cherry Chase Lake—Concert by Marine Band, dancing, and other amusements.
Great Falls—Music and other amusements.
Luna Park—Dancing and other amusements.
Marshall Hall—Boats leave Seventh street wharf 10 a.m., 2:30 p.m., and 6:30 p.m.
River View Park—Boats leave Seventh street wharf 10 a.m., 2 and 7 p.m.
Colonial Beach—Steamer St. Johns leaves Seventh street wharf every day except Sunday at 8 a.m. Saturday, 8:00 p.m.